

For the Children

DREAMS.

If a good little child be ever so good,
 As good as a child can be;
 Wee Willie Winkie comes over the mill
 With his sack of dreams—comes he.
 One little dream of a truly train,
 One little dream of a candy cane,
 One little dream of a woolly sheep,
 One little dream of a doll to keep,
 One little dream of rub-a-dub drums,
 One little dream of a top that hums,
 One little dream of a trumpet red,
 One little dream of a brand new sled,
 One little dream of a chocolate drop—
 Dream upon dream, and they never stop,
 If a good little child be ever so good,
 As good as a child can be;
 Wee Willie Winkie—Why, here he is.
 "Shut your eyes, quick," says he.
 —Exchange.

THE MESSENGER BOY.

When Bobby is Bobby, and just mother's five-year-old boy, his shoes often go thump-thump-thump, on the floor; but, when he is a pony, he lifts his feet so neatly and capers about so softly, that you would never think of naming him anything but Lightfoot.

When Bobby is Bobby, he does not always remember to be polite when asking for things; but, when he is a pet collie, he gives one gentle bark for "Please," and two for "Thank you," and the doggy never forgets.

When Bobby is Bobby, and mother needs his help, he sometimes says, in a sulky way: "Oh, no! I don't want to!"

This happened yesterday, and what do you think mother did as soon as she heard the cross little voice?

She went to the corner of the room, and said: "Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! Messenger service?—Can you send me a messenger boy to help me to-day—No, no, not so very large, but nice and pleasant—Five years old? That's pretty young, unless he's very bright.—Oh, he is! and willing, too!—Why, I believe he's just what I want. Will you send him right away, please?"

Then she waited, and in a minute there come a tap at the door; for, while she had been talking, Bobby had stopped scowling and slipped out into the hall.

"Come in!" called the mother, and there in the open door stood a smiling boy, cap in hand.

"Is this the messenger boy I just ordered?"

"Yes, lady," said a bright voice, "and I can stay all day with you, if you want me. What shall I do first?"

"Well, I had a basket of food to send across the street to poor Mrs. Finnegan; but my little boy thought it was too heavy, and you don't look much stronger than he does."

"Humph!" said the messenger boy, cheerily, picking up the basket. "It's light as a fly!" and away he went.

He was back again in a minute, rosy-cheeked and smiling, and asking, "What next, ma'am?"

"I wonder if you can wipe dishes?" said mother.

"Sure! I used to do it for my mother before I was a messenger boy, and I made 'em shine, too."

So, while he polished the plates, mother made a pie for dinner, and the messenger boy's eyes shone when he saw that she was cutting out small round pieces for tarts.

"Say, lady!" said he, "I can put the jelly in 'em."

"Oh, that's good said mother. "My Bobby sometimes does that, and I always have him taste the jelly first, to see if it's just right."

"I'm a very good jelly-taster," said the messenger boy, and his face beamed when mother handed him a large spoonful of the beautiful red jelly.

"I wonder," mother said after a while, "if you might stay to luncheon with me, I'm all alone to-day."

"Well," said the messenger boy, "they don't often let me but you're such a nice lady that I think 'twould be all right—and, maybe!—'cause you're so very nice, I might—sleep here tonight—if you want me to."

"But where could you sleep?" asked mother.

"Why, I s'pose your little boy has a bed?"

"Oh, yes; one all his own, right by the side of mine."

"Well," said the messenger boy, with a funny look at her, "why couldn't you take your little boy into your bed, and let me sleep in his?"

"Messenger boy," said mother, "I shall have to kiss you!" The messenger boy moved slowly toward her. "I—s'pose—you—could," he said. "I—don't—b'lieve—they'd—care." Then he gave a run and climbed into her lap.

"You see," he whispered, hugging her tight, "they couldn't mind—you're such a very, sweet, dear lady!"
 —Rosalie M. Cody, in Little Folks.

THE LITTLE SUNSHINE DOCTOR.

Lottie was thinking busily while she picked flowers to make a bouquet for mamma. Dear mamma had a headache, and the children had been told to keep very quiet. Poor mamma! She looked so pale that it made Lottie feel bad to think of it. It must be very hard, she thought, to have a headache on such a bright, beautiful day.

She never had a headache. No, indeed! Once she had a toothache, and that had been very dreadful, and she had cried a great deal, but mama had told her that she must be patient. She remembered how kind mamma had been, and how she had stayed at home all one afternoon to amuse her, and how she had made up some beautiful new games. And, after a while, she had quite forgotten about the pain, and by supper time it was all gone.

She wished she could do something to make mamma well.

Of course she couldn't play any game such as mamma had, for it would tire her; then, too, big folks couldn't be amused the same way that little girls were.

But couldn't she do something?

Just then she happened to see some plants that papa had transplanted. They had been almost dead, and